

of what was going on below. It was too late to see her. She then went close to the window. But even then, nothing was visible; for the speakers were close under the house, and not even the smallest tip-end of the coat skirt of one of them was visible. Poor Mary! she stood on tiptoes, and even on the chair, but still those unlucky ears thrust themselves between her and the object of her wishes. She went back to her chair, and sat herself down, wondering why they built such ungainly old caves and cornices, which were fit only to annoy people, and wondering why no one came to tell her that Harry was there and wanted her. He was uncommonly patient that day—provokingly so. Five—ten—fifteen minutes elapsed.—There was something like a tear in her eye; for she certainly was very ill used. She threw her work from her, and determined to go down to him, but to make him pay for his backwardness. Opening the door, she went to the head of the stairs, and assuming as careless an air as if there were no Harry Blake in the world, was going down them, when the voice of her father, who was standing below, arrested her.

"Don't come down here, Mary," said he. There was something in the tone of his voice, and in his manner and even in this injunction, that caused Mary to stop, as if she did not understand him.

"Go to your own room, my child, we are very busy here."

Mary half turned to go, for she saw that he was much agitated; but as she did so, the name of Harry escaped her lips.

"He is not here," said her father.

"Has anything happened to him?" asked she, in a faint voice.

"Yes, yes," replied the old man.—"He is in trouble; but he is well. Go to your room, and I will be with you in a few moments."

Mary got to her room, she scarcely knew how, and threw herself on her bed, drowned in tears. "He's well—thank God for that," sobbed she. "I am sure I'm very grateful that he's not ill—very grateful—poor Harry—in trouble, too, and I, like a good-for-nothing minx as I was, have been thinking all the morning of nothing but teasing him. He was too good for me.—They all told me so—so patient, so kind, so good-humored—and I—I'll never forgive myself—I never will—never!" She buried her face in her pillow, and sobbed there, until the door opened, and she felt her father's arm around her.

"Courage, Mary, courage, my little girl," said he, in a tone which certainly was not a model of what he recommended. "Show yourself to be a woman."

"Yes, yes, father, I will, I will," said she, and by way of verifying her words, she threw her arms about his neck, and wept more bitterly than before.

"Come, come, my dear little girl," said he, in a tremulous voice; "sit down, and hear what I have to tell you."

As he spoke, he again placed her in the chair, and took her hand.

"If you are unable to listen to me now, I will defer what I have to say to another time," said he.

He probably could not have hit upon a better method of recalling his daughter, who had a small spice of curiosity in her nature, and who just then recollected that she knew nothing definite of the evil which threatened Harry Blake.

"I can hear it now, father," said she eagerly. "Tell me at once, what has happened to him, and where he is."

"He has been arrested, and is in prison," said the old man, watching her pale face, as she sat with her eyes fastened on his, and the tears still on her cheeks.

"Is that all?" said she in a half whisper.

"Tell me all—why is he there?"

"He has been arrested on a very serious charge," said the old man slowly, and by his manner endeavoring to prepare her mind for the communication to make.

"Will it affect his life?" demanded she, at once catching at the heaviest punishment of the law. "Will it affect his life? Tell me that."

"If it is proved, it will," replied the old man.

"What is it? what is it?" said the girl, rising and grasping his arm. "Father, tell me; charge you, and on your word, tell me truly."

"He stands accused of murder."

"Murder!" ejaculated she faintly, whilst her hands fell to her side. "Charged with murder! Why, Harry Blake would not harm a worm."

She extricated herself from him, made something like a step, and had not her father caught her, would have fallen. She had fainted.

The old man hugged her to his bosom again, and again, kissed her lips and cheeks, and called her by name.

"I knew it would kill her! I said it would kill her! My own dear, darling little girl. Mary, Mary, speak to your old father! She's dead! She's dead!"

Fortunately the noise made by Mr. Lincoln reached some of the females of the house, who better understood the mode of administering to her illness. But it was not until he saw her eyes open, and the faint color once more in her cheek, that Mr. Lincoln could be induced to quit the room.

When she recovered, Mary was wifely, for once in her life. In spite of all that they could say, she insisted that her father should have the horses harnessed to the wagon, and drive her to the prison where Harry was. They argued and entreated; they spoke of her ill health, of the danger to herself; but, it was idle. She said that they were all against Harry; that he was innocent; that he declared himself so; that she believed him, and that go she would, if she went on her bare feet, that

he might see that she at least was still true to him.

At last they yielded to her importunity, and she took her seat at her father's side. How unlike the light hearted girl she had been but a few hours before. During the whole drive she spoke not a word, but appeared so calm, and comparatively so cheerful, that her father kept equally silent, until they stopped in front of the gloomy old building in which the prisoner was confined.

As she entered his room, and caught sight of him, she sprang forward, and clasping her arms about his neck, wept like a child; and he, throwing his powerful arms about her, and clasping her to his bosom, kissed her cheeks and lips in a strange passion of joy and grief.

"I am come, Harry, I am come," said she at last. "I have not deserted you."

"Dearest Mary, you, at least, believe me innocent?" said he, in a low earnest voice, holding her off from him, so that he could look in her face; but without relaxing his hold on her waist.

"Yes, yes, I do, I do! I never doubted it for a moment. But O! Harry, this is very dreadful—very dreadful. What will become of your poor little Mary, if any harm should befall you? But we won't talk of that," said she quickly, for she observed that her words sent a sort of spasmodic shivering over him. "We won't talk of it, nor think of it. I'll come to see you every day, Harry, and I will spend all the time I can with you, and we'll be quite merry and cheerful here; and I can fix up your room, and do many little things to make everything neat and comfortable here, and I'll tell you the news, and I will read and sing to you—Harry," said she, placing her hands on his shoulders, and looking up in his face, "I'll sing the song you asked for yesterday, when I was vexed, and refused. I'll sing it for you now, dear Harry—I will—I'll never refuse it again. Shall I sing it, Harry? Shall I, dear Harry?" A painful sickly smile flickered across her face, a single feeble word, the first of the song, like the faint warbling of a dying bird, escaped her lips, and she sank senselessly on his breast.

"Take her away! Take her away!" exclaimed Blake frantically, holding her out in his arms towards her father. "Unless you would drive me mad, take her away!"

The old man seemed stupefied, but he mechanically reached out his arms toward her, but Blake again caught her to his bosom, and kissed her neck, face, hands, and even the long tresses that fell across his face; and then reaching to her father, said, "There, go, go; don't stop another instant."

Mr. Lincoln took the frail form of his child in his arms, and moved to the door.

"One word, Mr. Lincoln," said Harry; "one word before we part. Whatever the result of this accusation may, even though it end in my death—I am innocent. The time will come when I am proved so; and O! I beseech, if I lose my life, that you will protect my memory with Mary."

The next instant he was alone; and throwing himself upon a chair, he sat, with his face buried between his hands, until aroused by the entrance of the lawyer who had been retained by his friends; and who now came to consult with him as to the steps requisite for the management of his defence.

[To be continued.]

From the Western Carolinian.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

Whilst demonstrations are making on this question by the friends of a National Debt and high taxes, it is not strange that the Democratic Republicans should begin to be aroused to action. Hence we see that the friends of Mr. Buchanan in Pennsylvania have mentioned his name, in some of the country meetings; as their first choice for the next Presidency; and in Kentucky the friends of Col. R. M. Johnson have set forth his pretensions.—In the Southern States there has been as yet no popular movement on the subject. The Press, it is true, in many parts of the South, has given out some expressions of opinion, and doubtless so far as it goes, it is a powerful evidence of popular feeling. If we may judge from these expressions the conclusion is certain that the Democracy of the South, with small exceptions, are rapidly concentrating on John C. Calhoun. He seems to be universally looked to as the man of all others in this Republic, best qualified to re-claim the Government from its fallen state and restore the original purity and honesty of its administration. There are some undoubtedly, who, feeling indignant at the foul injustice done Mr. Van Buren, would as a first choice, prefer his re-election, but the majority of these know too well how difficult it would be to overcome the unjust prejudices existing in the minds of thousands of honest people, especially here in the South, against this great and persecuted man, to be willing to risk the contest on his name. It is to restore the Constitution and Government, not Mr. Van Buren, that the Democracy of the country are to enter on the next contest for the Presidency. History will do him just ice. When the passions and prejudices of party animosity shall pass away and be forgotten, the name of Martin Van Buren will stand on the page of history in glorious rivalry with his Republican predecessors of immortal memory:—there must rest his hope. Never in the past was a harder contest more nobly maintained than in 1840 under the lead of Mr. Van Buren. What he people have to do is to fight, not for MEN, but for PRINCIPLES:—they must wrest the powers of the Government from the hands of a party the most reckless and

unprincipled that ever held sway in this Republic, and place them in keeping of men who not only comprehend the true spirit of our institutions, but who will administer them for the good of the whole.—The opinion that Mr. Calhoun ought to be the People's standard bearer in the approaching contest for equal rights and constitutional reform is gaining ground every where—in the South and throughout the country. For ourselves, we freely confess that we are glad to see it, for where can we find a greater man, a wiser and purer statesman than John C. Calhoun? His long experience in public affairs—his unequalled ability—his acknowledged talent for administrative duties—his thorough acquaintance with the Constitution and laws of the country—his Roman simplicity of manners—his unsullied private character which not the breath of slander has tainted, or the bitter malignant of party spirit has ever assailed, all the taken in connection with his profound wisdom as a Statesman pre-eminently mark him as the man to reform the Government, and bring it back to where Jefferson left it. We verily believe that should Mr. Calhoun be declared the candidate of the Democratic Republican party, he will be supported in North Carolina with more enthusiasm than ever Gen. Jackson was in the day of his palmy popularity. Thousands who refused to go for Mr. Van Buren in 1840, will quit the Federal banner and rally with us for Calhoun and reform—the contest may be warm, but the victory will be certain.

THE DEMOCRAT.

CANTON, MISS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1842.

FOR PRESIDENT,

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

[Subject to the decision of a National Convention.]

"Nor is our Government to be maintained, or our Union preserved by invasions of the rights and powers of the several States. In thus attempting to make our General Government strong, we make it weak.—Its true strength consists in leaving individuals and States, as much as possible, to themselves—in making itself felt, not in its power, but in its beneficence, not in its control, but in its protection, not in binding the States more closely to the centre, but leaving each to move unobstructed in its proper orbit."—Jackson.

The editor's necessary absence at Jackson through the greater part of the week, it is hoped will be received by his patrons and friends as a sufficient apology for the little attention bestowed on the editorial part of this paper.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

A convention of the Democratic Party of Madison county, will be held in Canton, on Monday, the 22 day of January next, for the purpose of expressing their views on the various questions of National policy now before the people, and especially on the subject of the PROTECTIVE TARIFF; also for the purpose of appointing delegates to the Democratic State Convention to be held on the 23d of February next, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States, and for the various State officers.

Democrats! let us one and all attend.—Vital principles are at stake! A splendid victory for our principles is within our reach; let us achieve it!

MANY DEMOCRATS.

TO BANKRUPT.

By an order of the Court of Bankruptcy for the Southern District of Mississippi, passed at the late term thereof, all notices required, by the act of Congress, to be made by the petitioner, were, when the petitioner resides in either of the counties of Madison, Yazoo, Holmes, Scott, Neshoba and Leake, directed to be published in this paper.

We have made arrangements with Wm. Burns, Esq., the Clerk of the Court, to forward us the necessary data, in each case, upon which to make the publication.

The next session of the Court will be held on the 20th of February next. Publication of notice must be made twenty days before court; and our paper being published on Saturday, any publication of notice for the next court, must be made on or before the 25th of January next, that being the last day on which the publication can be made in time for the sitting of the next court.

The proof of publication will invariably be withheld until our fees are paid.

OUR CIRCUIT COURT.—The Circuit Court of this county is still in session; it will adjourn to-day. The great number of highly litigated cases which have crowded the criminal, civil and equity Dockets, have rendered it impossible for the Court, even with the most constant industry, to dispose of a vast number of them. The number of new cases on the criminal side of the Court, may, to the honor of our county be said to be much less than at the former

terms; while, at the same time, the grand jury discharged the duties of their office with great fidelity and promptness.

John White was convicted by a jury of the charge of perjury; the jury recommending him to the mercy of the judge. A petition for his pardon has been signed by both juries, by all the members of the bar, and by numerous respectable citizens, for reasons especially set forth in the petition. Although opposed, generally, to the exercise of the pardoning power, we yet should be glad, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to see the Executive extend it to Mr. W.

The case of Mr. Ajax Royster, charged with the crime of perjury in falsely swearing out a writ of attachment, was tried yesterday. After the most diligent and strict examination of the evidence, the prosecution appeared so clearly to be malicious, and entirely groundless, that the District Attorney very properly and promptly proposed to enter a *notte prosequi*, which the counsel of the accused objected to, and insisted on a verdict of acquittal; which verdict the jury rendered without hesitancy, and without retiring from the room. It was received with spontaneous bursts of applause from the whole auditory. Mr. Royster has thus passed through his trial, not only with an acquittal, but under such circumstances, as have fully vindicated his reputation, from even the least suspicion of guiltiness of the charge alleged against him, and has proved a character from his earliest childhood to the present time of which, any man may well be proud. "Virtue may be assailed but never hurt; Surprised by unjust foes but not enthralled; Even that which mischief means most harm, Shall, in the happy issue, prove most glory."

Read the very interesting story of circumstantial evidence published to-day.—The conclusion of it will be published next week.

CORN AND COB MILL.

We invite the especial attention of our readers to the advertisement of G. S. Taintor, Esq., published to day in another column. The Patent Corn and Cob Mill, which he has purchased the right of vending in this county and in Holms, may, we think, be justly considered one of the most useful invention to farmers and domestic economists, with which the present age has been blessed. Before we became acquainted with Mr. T. we heard much said in praise of these Mills by gentlemen from those counties in which they have become extensively in use; and all who have tested their superior usefulness, and with whom we have spoken on the subject, we have heard declare that they would not be without such a machine, for more than five times its cost. A correspondent from Adams county, where this improvement has been more in use than in any other part of the State, writes us that he is "satisfied from actual personal observation, and from the testimony of numerous planters of the largest interests, that a saving of one half of the corn crops can be effected by the application of this improvement to common mills." He adds, "it is safe, simple, cheap and no humbug."

We said, in a former number, that in whatever instances the democratic party had used or sustained the veto power, it was not against but with the wishes of the popular majority. We inferred particularly to Gen. Jackson's veto of the Bank bill and his re-election afterwards by an immense and increased majority, and that, too, when the question of bank or no bank was distinctly the great issue before the country; and when Mr. Webster (and we might have added Mr. Clay) had declared in the Senate of United States, that the bank question was brought forward by its friend prematurely for the avowed purpose of testing the popular will on the subject, and with the hope of defeating Gen. Jackson's re-election. The records of the country and every man's recollection of its history, will establish that the bank question was thus flung into the issue, and was the great point upon which the election turned.

Yet the Mississippi Creole, retorts upon us, and says that we forget that "after Gen. Jackson vetoed the Bank Bill and was a candidate for re-election, he did run on the question of for or against a bank, but that he avowed himself in favor of a national bank." Now we did not forget any such thing, for the best of all reasons—there was no such fact on which to predicate forgetfulness. Gen. Jackson did run on the anti-Bank question and was re-elected. Ever since then the whigs have been clamorous against him for killing the bank, and, as they say, thereby ruining the country. This has been the subject of whig orations and declamation from that time to this. Now if it be true, as the Creole says, that Gen. Jackson "avowed himself in favor of a national bank," why so much abuse of him upon that subject. Why did not the

whigs pass another bank bill and present it to him for his signature. If he was in favor of a bank, it was the duty of the national legislature to have passed such a bill free from his objections and which he would have signed: And it is clear that if the whig majority in Congress neglected or refused to do so, then all the distress and ruin which has come over the country and which the whigs attribute to the absence of a bank, is the result of their own folly and omission of duty and not to be laid as a sin upon Gen. Jackson's shoulders.

The whigs have frequently a very curious way of drawing directly different and contradictory conclusions from the same premises. It will be apparent that Gen. Jackson cannot be justly abused by the whigs for killing the bank while at the same time he is said to have been in favor of it. The truth is that he was known to be opposed to any thing like a whig national bank, with stockholders and with the power of discount. The whigs did not attempt, after his re-election or after his veto, to pass any other bank bill, well knowing the fate it would receive at his hands.

The Creole says that when it charged the democrats with sustaining the one man power against the majority it meant "Congressional majorities" and that "a majority of Congress represented a majority of the people." Now it may or it may not be true that such Congressional majorities represent the majority of the people; but assuming it to be so, the Creole makes out a case palpably against itself; for does it not recollect that after the veto of the bank by the old hero, a majority of anti-bank men were returned to Congress? So, let the Creole ascertain the majority either by his rule or ours, it will find that majority was in favor of the bank veto.

ELECTIONS.

Besides what we have extracted from the N. O. Tropic and published in another column in relation to the Massachusetts election we are enabled to furnish our readers with the following additional news:

MASSACHUSETTS.—Morton, dem. is ahead of his opponent John Davis; but the scattering votes being about 6,000, there is no choice and the election of Governor and Lieut. Governor devolves upon the Legislature. The South Carolinian of the 24th ult. says:

The democrats have elected FOURTEEN SENATORS, the whigs SEVEN. In districts which elect 19 Senators there is no choice. The vacancies in the Senate will be filled by a convention of both branches.

The prospect at present is favorable to the democrats. The towns heard from have elected 87 democrats and 97 whigs, and there is no choice of 73. Last year the same towns were represented by 78 democrats, and 159 whigs. Comparative democratic gain—SEVENTY-ONE MEMBERS. In the last House the whigs had 66 majority.

But five members of Congress, 1 democrat (Williams) and 4 whigs (Winthrop, Adams, Burnell, and Baker) have been elected. In the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 7th districts, there is no choice.

NEW YORK.—Complete returns have been received. Bouck's (dem.) majority is 21,676. Twenty-one democrats and ten whigs are elected to Congress. Of the 123 members of the Assembly 92 are democrats; and eight of the nine Senators elected are democrats. Gain since 1840, upwards of 35,000.

MICHIGAN.—The democratic majorities are, in Washtaw county, 350; Oakland, 1000; Calhoun, 281; Jackson, about 300; Wayne, in which Detroit the capital is situated, 700—a gain of 298 since 1840; Livingston, 300; Monroe, 750. Entire democratic majority in the 8 counties, [all yet heard from] 3,680. The Ann Arbor Herald has a cut of a Coon with the returns, of which the Globe amusingly says:—"Here is a wood-cut of a gaunt coon, chapfallen and tailfallen, which not only in our office will represent: He looks like an 'obsolete idea.' Alas! poor coon, we know him well. He was a fellow 'of most excellent fancy.' He hath borne Whiggery on his back a thousand times. 'Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs?' your 'two dollars a day and roast beef!'"

Novel Case in Bankruptcy.—During the late sitting of the Bankrupt Court in the Northern District a fellow filed his petition to be discharged from his debts, and applied to Judge Gholson, at chambers, in a very great hurry, for an order on the Marshal for \$300 which the poor fellow was ignorant enough to think the law gave him as a bonus for filing his petition. Upon denial by the judge, the poor fellow went away highly mortified and disappointed.

Box has written a work entitled, "Notes of America," the first copies of which were brought over by the Great Western. We have not seen the work ourselves, but find that it is spoken of by the press at the North, as not being very complimentary to us Americans. Our exchanges give many extracts from the work from which we take the following:

AMERICAN LAW COURTS AND LAWYERS.

"To an Englishman accustomed to the paraphernalia of Westminster Hall, an American court of law is as odd a sight as I suppose, an English court of law would be to an American. Except in the Supreme Court at Washington, (where the judges wear a plain black robe,) there is no such thing as a wig or gown connected with the administration of justice.—The gentlemen of the bar being barristers and attorneys too, (for there is no division of those functions as in England,) are no more removed from their clients, than attorneys in our court for the relief of insolvent debtors are from theirs. The jury are quite at home, and make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit. The witness is so little elated above, or put about from the crowd in the court, that a stranger entering during a pause in the proceedings would find it difficult to pick him out from the rest. And, if it chanced to be a criminal trial, his eyes, in nine cases out of ten, would wander to the dock in search of the prisoner in vain; for that gentleman would, most likely, be lounging among the most distinguished ornaments of the legal profession, whispering suggestions in his counsel's ear, or making a tooth-pick out of an old quill with his pen knife.

"I could not but notice these differences when I visited the courts at Boston. I was much surprised at first, too, to observe that the counsel who interrogated the witness under examination at the time, did so sitting. But seeing that he was also occupied in writing down the answers, and remembering that he was alone and had no 'junior,' I quickly consoled myself with the reflection that law was not quite so expensive an art here as at home; and that the absence of sundry formalities, which we regard as indispensable, had, doubtless, a favorable influence upon the bill of costs.

"In every court ample and commodious provision is made for the accommodation of the citizens. This is the case all through America. In every public institution, the right of the people to attend, and to have an interest in the proceedings, is most fully and distinctly recognized. There are no grim door-keepers to dole out their civility by the six-penny worth; nor is there, I sincerely believe, any insolence of office of any kind. Nothing national is exhibited for money; and no public officer is a showman. We have begun of late years to imitate this good example. I hope we shall continue to do so; and that, in the fullness of time, even deans and chapters may be converted."

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning we arrived at Buffalo, where we breakfasted; and being too near the Great Falls to wait patiently anywhere else, we set off by the train the same morning at 9. Whenever the train halted, I listened for the roar; and was constantly straining my eyes in the direction where I knew the Falls must be, from seeing the river rolling on towards them, every moment expecting to behold the spray. Within a few minutes of my stopping, I saw two great white clouds rising up slowly and majestically from the depth of the earth. That was all. At length we alighted; and then, for the first time, I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble beneath my feet. The tank was very steep, and was very slippery with rain and half-melting ice. I hardly know how I got down, but was soon at the bottom, and climbing with two English officers who were crossing, and had joined me over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half-blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin, we were at the foot of the American fall. I could see immense torrents of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, situation, or anything but vague immensity. When we were seated in the little ferry-boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was so until I came on the Table Rock, and looked—great Heaven, on what a fall of bright green water!—then it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing—the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle was peace—peace of mind—tranquility—calm recollection of the dead—great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom and terror.

"Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty; to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses cease to beat forever. Oh, how the strife and troubles of our daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke out from the thundering water; what faces faced from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promises glistened in those angel's tears, the drops of many hues that shivered around and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made. I never stirred all that time from the Canadian side, whither I had gone at first; I never crossed the river again; for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such place it is natural to shun strange company. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataract from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the great Horseshoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze upon the river's level up at the torrent, as it came swirling down, to climb the neighboring